WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 3. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1800. WHOLE NO. 627.

A VILLAGE TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"CHILLED with horror," said Louisa, "I heard his proposal. I clung to his knees, a despairing wretch!—He seemed much affected, embraced me tenderly, but said that his honor demanded our separation; he entreated me, as I loved him, to receive the addresses of Villars, who had, he said, adored me from the first moment he beheld me, and for my sake only had conferred so many favors upon him—for my sake only would continue them; and, unless I behaved with kindness to him, would abandon us both to wretchedness! But can we not, said I, return to my father?—he will save us from this interested creature; he will be kind and tender to us: we need no other benefactor. He caught my hand with a look of wild despération—"Have a care, Louisa, what you draw me into;—dare but apply to him, and that hour is my last! Would you save me from ruin, from infamy, from a horrid self-inflicted death, this instant swear—consent to my proposal—or, by Heaven, I survive not this hour!" He drew a pistol from his pocket, and his hand trembled violently as he passed it before my eyes. I sunk upon my knees, and would have made the extorted oath; but insensibility came over me, and I saw him no more. Left wholly in the power of Villars, resistance was vain: once voluntarily abandoning Virtue, how difficult is it again to explore her paths! I lived with him in all the splendor, all the misery of guilt, till I learnt that my fatal attractions drew him from an amiable wife and infant child! From that moment worlds could not have tempted me to continue in infamy so enormous. I fled his house; and, driven by distress, associated with an unhappy being, who, like myself, had fallen the victim of ungoverned passions and lawless libertinism. But my nature revolted against such a course, and I daily sunk deeper in the gulph of misery, till reduced to the necessitous condition in which you found me."

"My girl ceased," continued the old man; "and we wept her sufferings together. But time, that sovereign balsam to the afflicted, at length calmed our woes, and happiness seemed likely once more to revisit its long deserted mansion. Absence and variety of scenes had almost eradicated from the heart of Louisa her fatal passion for Frederick; when, at the expiration of two years, it was cruelly revived, by an event as dreadful as unexpected.

"Frederick was apprehended for a murder and robbery; his trial was to take place within a week, and he implored my presence to soften, by my forgiveness, the pangs of an ignominious death. No consideration could deter my unhappy child from accompanying me; and, in pity to her distress, I took her with me to town. Pale, emaciated, and in a noisome dungeon, we found the once blooming youth; his fine limbs fettered with the goading irons. At the entrance of Louisa he fell prostrate on the earth, deprecated her reproaches, and clung to her robe for pity. Her heart, already nearly broken, sunk at this scene, and she fainted in his arms. Assured of her pardon, he soon assumed composure enough to relate the particulars of his conduct to us, which he did without palliation of his guilt.

"In order (said he) to effect views of which I was then ignorant, Villars soon attempted to torture my mind by insidious hints and derision of my simplicity. When I fondly wondered at his indifference to the charms of my Louisa, he smiled at my ignorance, and told me of beauties far superior to her in personal charms, as well as mental accomplishments; that I needed but see them to despise her homely features; and he lamented the infatuation that could lead me to devote such a fine person to a simple rustic. The seeds of vanity are easily implanted in an uncultivated mind, and their growth is rapid. I began to pine for this promised Elysium; and the thought of my losing my dear Louisa alone detained me. Villars soon taught me another lesson, and by the most insidious plausibility brought me to consider the destruction of innocence as a trivial weight in the scale of enormity, while my implicit credulity strengthened the power he possessed over me. The dear, injured girl was deluded from her house, and my villainy was triumphant.

"So far was I the dupe of his infernal machinations: to the rest I fell a willing victim. Enchanted by the allurements of play, I considered fortune as within my reach, and the profusion with which Villars had hitherto supplied me precluded all idea of economy. At length, an urgent demand from him of the sums he had lent me roused my pride. Flushed with recent success, I repaid him, when he informed me that I must now commence the gentleman upon my own footing, or return to the farm with my London improvements. I chose the former. Deeply involved, at length, by my own imprudence, I was on the brink of ruin, and was obliged once more to apply to him. He hesitated not to supply me; but demanded—oh, God!—my Louisa as a recompense or security! Fired with the expectation of fortune's favors, by which I should be once more independent, I paid little attention to a demand I so little found the necessity of complying with. I was pigeoned—my honor pledged—and Louisa must be the sacrifice. Can I speak my feelings—or will you pity the self-devoted victim of vanity and ambition!" He paced the dungeon with wild looks and irregular steps:—at last he resumed—"I left Villars to triumph in his success. A perfect votary to dissipation, I now associated with a set of adventurers who frequented the gaming-houses, and partook their common fate; one day rich, the next poor; not over nice in the means of obtaining an advantage, nor careful of wealth when in our possession. Such is the life of those who through idleness and extravagance first lose their reputation; that once gone, all honor is considered as a burthen; and, having nothing left of benefit to themselves or society, they stop at no villainy to support a worthless existence.

"In an hour of inebriation and want, I was tempted to the commission of a crime which I had some time contemplated at a distance without compunction. I was not yet willing to die; the means of life must be procured, and the road was my only resource. With another I attacked a carriage; it contained two gentlemen; one presented his purse, the other a pistol. At that moment all the dark passions of my mind were roused, for I perceived the hated Villars. I fired, and shot him dead on the spot. Horror petrified me, and I was seized without resistance; was brought to this wretched place, and a few days will terminate my guilty career."

"The sobs of the distracted Louisa alone interrupted his recital, and I saw that it was an event she would not survive.

"We were present at his trial: the evidence was too strong against him to admit of doubt, and the judge passed sentence upon him with a sensibility that did him honor. All present were affected to tears at the fate of a youth thus cut off in the vigor of life. For my child, she was carried senseless from the court; her reason sustained a shock it never recovered; the execution took place unknown to her: and she was spared a trial that would have destroyed her. Frederick behaved with the greatest propriety throughout the whole transaction; and the presence of Louisa alone unmanned him. He spoke a short and pathetic address to the multitude assembled, and died truly penitent.

"As soon as the fatal catastrophe was concluded, I brought my distracted child here, and three short weeks brought her to the grave. Her senses were restored to her for a little interval previous to her final dissolution, when she fervently implored my pardon for the trouble and misery she had brought on me; smiled at her approaching release, and blessed her Frederick to the last."

Wilmot concluded with a shower of tears, and Henley vowed within himself to be the comforter of his declining years. His intentions were frustrated; nature had exhausted all her resources, and he fell a lingering martyr to grief and age.

Sad lesson to those whom dissipation hurries from the bounds of rectitude. What evils are avoided by a perseverance in the pursuit of Virtue! Then Innocence may triumph, and, supported by the grateful labors of Industry, spread peace and happiness around; and a blooming family are reared in the practice of every social perfection; while the unrestrained indulgence of vicious propensities must ever be attended by infamy and unavailing repentance.

THE NEGRO.

"ALAS! I am very faint and very feeble," said a voice which misery seemed to have rendered almost inarticulate. They were the words of a poor negro, who, oppressed by the heat of the sun (for the day was hot and sultry), in a languid posture was enjoying a short respite from his labors. "Detested be that avarice which deals in cargoes of wretchedness, and thrives by the traffic of despair!" I exclaimed the very moment my imagination caught the picture. "Perhaps," said I, "this child of sorrow has been torn from a father,—a mother. Nature must have pleaded loudly against his captivity;" for I thought I could perceive the tears of affection standing in his eyes. "Or perhaps he has loved—one who

returned his vows with an equal passion, and for whom his heart beat high with rapture. Perhaps he has looked forward, with eager expectation, to the days he seemed destined to pass with the companion of his youth; and now"------I thought on thee, Eliza, the partner of my life, and I endeavored to divert my thoughts from the gloomy road they were pursuing;---but in vain. My captive spoke still louder.

"I once was happy," said he. "When I lived beyond these great waters, I heard not the yells of despair; the gale rung not with the shrieks of the wretched. Our hut was in a cool valley, beneath the shade of the lofty palm-trees. My labors then were sweet; for I feared neither stripes nor master. My work in the fields provided my father with food, and he repaid with smiles the toil of his son. All was joy, all was pleasure. Strong and cheerful, I hailed the breezes of the morning; at noon I bathed in the stream; and in the evening joined the happy dance in the meadow. But now---

"I loved, alas! the beauteous Yoncha. She was the theme of every song, the envy of surrounding virgins. For her love I fought, and made two heroes bow at my feet. The maid of my heart trembled for my safety, and hailed my victory with the smiles of rapture. I brought her the clustered bananas. From my hand, she said, they were more luscious. For her I climbed the airy cocoa-tree, and threw into her lap the milky fruit. In the chase, she nerved my arm with strength and inspired my breast with courage. Then I smiled on danger, and heeded not death. I attacked the indignant foe in his den. Though his eyes glistened with anger, I pierced him, and he bled for Yoncha. I carried home the spoils of the battle, and placed them in her bower. But now, alas! she bleeds for her lost warrior. She hears not his groans. He pines in slavery; he lingers for the stroke of death. Ah, me! the deep ocean divides us---Methinks the breezes that play on the surface of the waters, might waft her a sigh, or a prayer. I have often asked them, but they seem not to regard me.

"We were dancing on the green in the evening, and we dreaded not the hour of danger. But the tall ship anchored in the stream, and treachery lurked for our captivity. In vain we wept. The whites heed not the sighs of the negro. They know not the treasure I have left behind me. She may yet be safe. I recall the scenes of pleasure I partook with her, and memory adds new horrors to despair.

"I have toiled till my hand is feeble. I must, therefore, expect more lashes. The white men are very powerful; for their Gods are stronger than ours. They are not appeased by the sighs of the negro. Our labors are bitter; but they furnish a rich sweet for our masters."-----

And are thy sighs, wretched negro! thus served up as a repast to our luxury! Shall we not reject the drug thy sorrows have prepared? Shall we drown thy cries in the roar of the carousal, while thy tears are mantling in the bowl, and mixing it with the gall of human anguish?----No!----Be assured, injured captives, your sighs have been wafted to a corner of the globe where humanity seldom cries in vain. She has pleaded the cause of millions, and the period of your sorrows is fast approaching.

INSTANCE OF INGRATITUDE.

THE celebrated Marcus Tullius Cicero, when flying for his life, was pursued, among others, by Popilius Lena; the very identical person whose criminal cause the Roman orator had defended with equal eloquence and success: for this monster of ingratitude, this Popilius, of his own accord asked Antonius to let him be one of those sent after Cicero (then proscribed at Cajeta) with intent to kill him; and this man returned to Rome, carrying in his arms that illustrious head, and the tongue that had pleaded so effectually for his own life.

REMARKS OF MONTESQUIEU.

"I FORESEE," said Montesquieu one day, "that gaming will be the ruin of Europe. During play the body is in a state of extreme indolence, and the mind is in a state of great vicious activity."----"Why is Fontenelle so generally agreeable to most persons?" said some French lady to Montesquieu. "Madam," replied the President, "it is because he really loves nobody."

REMARKS.

Thousands are hated, whilst none are ever loved, without a real cause.---The amiable alone can be loved.

To err, is human; to forgive, divine.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SONNET.

SO pale misfortune darkens youth's young day,
Blasting with early care, hope's flattering vows,
We toil to find to happiness the way,
But vainly labor to obtain the prize.

Depressing anguish haunts our eager steps,
Obstructs our passage to the road we'd find;
From the sunk brow hope's gathering blossoms nip,
And in their room woe's thorny garlands bind.

Deluding phantoms cheat life's lengthen'd day,
Quick from our touch the form aerial flies;
In vain the eye the form of peace pursues,
The hand in vain to grasp the vision tries.

Beyond the spot where weeping sorrows sigh,
Breathes the sad prayer that implores to die.

ANGELINA.

A SENTIMENTAL THOUGHT.

STILL toss'd tempestuous, on the sea of life,
My little barque is driving to and fro:
With winds and waves I hold unequal strife,
Nor can decide the doubtful course I go.

Contending passions are the storm that rise,
And error's darkness clouds the mental ray;
The lamp of reason seldom gilds the skies
With lustre equal to direct my way.

But there's an hour when all these storms shall cease,
The darkness fly, the rising sun appear,
My barque be shelter'd in the port of peace,
And ride eternal at an anchor there.

SCANDAL.

SCANDAL, a restless fiend, who never knows
The balmy blessing of an hour's repose,
Worn, yet unfated with her daily toil,
In her base work consumes the midnight oil,
O'er fiercer fiends when heavy slumbers creep,
When wearied Av'rice and Ambition sleep,
Scandal is vigilant and keen to spread
The plagues that spring from her prolific head.
On Truth's fair basis she her falsehood builds,
With tinsel sentiments its surface gilds;
To nightly labor from their dark abodes,
The demons of the groaning press she goads,
And smiles to see their rapid art supply
Ten thousand wings to every infant lie.

TOO MUCH.

TOO much rest our genius dulls,
Too much love disturbs the brain,
Too much learning makes us fools,
Too much business gives us pain,
Too much physic makes us worse,
From too much cunning cheating grows,
Too much vigor is a curse,
From too much saving av'rice flows.
Too much courage makes us rash,
From too much riches trouble springs,
Too much honors are but trash,
Too much pleasure sickness brings.
By too much confidence we lose;
From too much wit what mischiefs rise,
Too much freedom's an abuse,
Too much good-nature is not wise:
Too much politeness is a thrall,
Yet all these things we blessings call.

LINES

Written by a Traveller on the Window of a thatched cot.

STAY, traveller, and though within
Nor gold nor glitt'ring gems are seen
To strike the ravish'd eye,
Yet enter, and thy well-pleas'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold can never buy.

Within this solitary cell
Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere:
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And, banish'd from the courts of Kings,
Has fix'd her mansions here.

SINGULAR MODE OF REFORMING A PROFLIGATE SERVANT.

DURING the year 1788, there appeared in one of the Irish Journals, an advertisement from a servant, who wanted a valet's place, stating that he was without a character, and had many faults, but hoped to mend. A confession so frank, and indeed so uncommon in that class of people, caught the eye of a gentleman in the environs of Dublin, well known for his eccentric humor, and generous hospitality.

He sent for the man, and on his entering the room, thus addressed him: "You graceless dog, that seems bent on starving, pray where and with whom did you live last?" "With 'Squire ------, of Stephen's green," replied the valet, "and an ill-natured unreasonable man he was, an't please your Honor, though it is true I gave him some small cause; would you believe it, Sir, for no other reason in the world, than because I kept genteel hours, kissed the wenches, and loved whisky, and because he missed a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and another thing or two, he sent me packing and stopped my wages."

"You are the lad for my money," said the man, "you have owned your faults, which I never was able before to prevail on a servant to do; I now know your failing:---but remember, that if I ever catch you at any of your light-fingered tricks, you shall certainly die in your shoes. Be with me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, you idle dog; in the mean time, take these ten guineas and pay your old master for his pistols."

The graceless rogue entered on his place the next day, and faithfully served for the rest of his life his new master, who left him at his decease, an handsome annuity. He embarked in trade, was successful, and in a short time, became a wealthy and respectable merchant of Dublin.

THE SIEGE OF PRAGUE.

WHILST Chevert was preparing in silence every thing necessary for insuring the success of the escalade, Maurice covered his design, by making two false attacks. They wanted a soldier intrepid enough not to reason upon danger, and sufficiently courageous to climb first upon the rampart. M. de Chevert, who knew the art of addressing every one, in his own way, give this strange but persuasive instruction to a grenadier, whom he pitched upon for the execution of his project. "Listen to me," said he, (in a tone of confidence.) "when you have scaled the rampart, advance towards the sentinel; he will cry out, "Who goes there?" No answer. He will accost you the second time; beware again of giving him a reply: he will fire upon and miss you; then do you rush forwards and kill him; I shall be present to support you."

APPROPRIATE TEXTS.

SOME of our reverend gentlemen, who are denominated popular preachers, display great ingenuity in their choice of suitable texts.---At an anniversary sermon preached before the Chelsea pensioners, a discourse was a few days since delivered from the following text---"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before thy evil days come, and the days in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." A gentleman, who preached a sermon before the Society for recovering persons apparently drowned, selected the following---"Trouble not yourselves about him; the man is not dead." For a wedding sermon, preached a short time since at a country town in Shropshire, a reverend gentleman took part of the story of Jepthah's daughter---"And she went upon the mountains, and bewailed her virginity." A reverend dean, who published a sermon for the benefit of the poor Clergy in a provincial diocese, properly enough selected the following: "Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets." [London paper.

DON CARLOS.

WHEN this Prince asked his brutal father if he really intended to take away his life, the latter calmly replied, "Son, when my blood becomes bad, I send for a surgeon to let it out."

Spanish phlegm, perhaps, never appeared so ridiculous, as well as inhuman, as at the death of this Prince. Don Carlos, on seeing the executioner enter the room in which he was confined, with the cord in his hand with which he was to strangle him, rose up from his pallet with great violence and impetuosity, and exclaimed against the cruelty of his father. The executioner, looking at him in a very significant manner, dryly said, "Do not put yourself in such a passion, my young master, it is all for your good."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1800.

By the arrival at Boston of the Venus, Capt. Jamieson, from Liverpool, we have obtained intelligence some days later than was before received. The most important article relates to the recommencement of hostilities on the Continent. ---Germany will now become the theatre of action for the contending armies---the French head-quarters are already advanced some distance in that territory. The assassination of KLEBER, Buonaparte's successor in Egypt, is officially confirmed. Gen. Menou, who succeeds him, relates, "That the perpetrator of the crime was dispatched from Gaza, for the express purpose, by the Turkish Aga of the Janissaries." For his daring atrocity he met with an exemplary punishment; in conformity with the oriental custom, he was impaled.

The Legislature of this State will meet at the city-hall in the city of Albany, agreeably to adjournment, on Tuesday the 4th day of November. The appointment of Electors of a President of the United States, is expected, will be the first business which will occupy the two houses.

AMERICAN ENVOYS.

Several articles in the London papers of the latest dates mention the rupture of the American negociation at Paris, and of the preparations making by the Envoys to return: But a letter from a respectable gentleman in London, dated Sept. 8, says: "An acquaintance of mine has this day received a letter from an intelligent friend at Paris, dated the 2d inst. in which he expresses his satisfaction with the fair prospect of a successful issue to our negociations. There will be, he says, a Treaty. This is certain, that the Envoys have not left Paris, as reported in the papers."

[Boston paper.

From the Charleston Gazette, of October 6.

TREMENDOUS STORM.

On Saturday night, from eleven to twelve o'clock, as tremendous and destructive a storm was experienced in this city and harbour, as has happened for nearly twenty years.

For several days past the wind has been excessively violent from the N. E. On Friday last, about noon, it shifted to the N. without any abatement. On Saturday it returned to N. E. and blew a very heavy gale until noon, accompanied with rain---it then shifted to S. E. and continued from that quarter until after twelve o'clock at night, when it suddenly chopped round to S. W. which, with the ebb tide, relieved us from the prospects of devastation, which before were excessive and distressing. At twelve o'clock at night the tide was above two feet high on the wharves; several vessels were driven from their anchors, and a large number of small craft were stove to pieces and sunk in the docks; and nearly all the wharves, from Gibbs' on South Bay, to Gen. Gadsdens, suffered more or less, by having their foundations sapped, and their upper works broken to pieces and drifted away. Nearly the whole of East Bay-street which was nearly completed, and cost an immense sum of money, is destroyed, a great part of South Bay, in an equally disastrous situation. Mr. Roper's, Mr. Geyer's, Mr. Beale's, Mr. Champney's, and Mr. Nichols's wharves were injured to a considerable amount. Trees were torn up by the roots, houses unroofed and blown down, and fences levelled, in the city and its vicinity. The two-story house of Mr Cratzburgh, in Butcher Town, was levelled to the ground, and a large part of it carried by the wind nearly 100 yards---The most distressing event is, the melancholy fate of Mrs. Cratzburgh, who was crushed to death in the ruins. Mr. C. his children and all who were in the house, suffered considerable injury by bruises. The house of the late deceased Mr Thorney was totally unrooted, and the chimneys blown down. The chimneys of the Charleston Theatre were also blown down, and a large portion of the slating of Mr. Ravened's new house, the upper end of Broad-street, torn off.

The inhabitants of Sullivan's Island, who within a few summers have increased astonishingly, occasioned their fellow citizens of the city great uneasiness and anxiety as to their fate. Several boats went down yesterday, and one or two returned; from such information as I could obtain, the damage done there was not so great as our fears led us to expect. It is said no lives were lost, and that only two or three houses were blown down; but the whole Island was overflowed.

The schooner Lydia, Captain Geyman, loaded with a valuable cargo of dry goods, from George Town, said to be worth from 14 to 20,000 dollars, was driven from her anchors, in the river against the new street, bilged and sunk; a trifling part of her cargo has been saved but all damaged.

LATEST NEWS.

FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

LONDON, Sept. 9.

We received this morning, by express, the Paris papers to the 7th instant.

The following is the only intelligence of importance contained in these papers:

RUPTURE OF THE ARMISTICE.

Head-Quarters at Sedon, near Frankfort, 10th Fructidor.

Order of the day in the Batavian Army.

The army is informed, that the Emperor having refused to subscribe to the conditions of the Preliminaries of Peace which had been signed by his Plenipotentiary at Paris, the Government is under the necessity of continuing the WAR. The Armistice is in consequence broken off, and will cease to have effect the 20th instant, (Sept. 7,) at one in the afternoon.

The general officers and chiefs of corps will profit by this interval to pass the troops in review, and to dispose of every thing in such a manner that they may be able to march and fight as soon as they shall receive orders.

STRATSBURG, Sept. 1.

It is said that the Austrian Generals were very much surprised, and that the Emperor still being willing to ratify the Preliminaries concluded at Paris, is almost general.

An extraordinary Courier from Paris passed through this city on his way to Vienna.

It is said that Russia and Prussia will march 100,000 men in order to force the Emperor to conclude a peace.

LONDON, Sept. 11.

FRANCE AND PORTUGAL.

A Lisbon Mail arrived this morning, brought by the Prince Adolphus Packet in twelve days. The private letters inform us, that all hopes of Peace between France and Portugal are at an end,---the latter have rejected the Chief Consul's offers. An invasion is expected. Gen. Berthier and his suite are arrived at Madrid;---a passport was applied for by the General to proceed to Lisbon, in order to have a conference with the Prince Regent. The request, however, was refused, because it was suspected that Berthier's real object was to reconnoitre the state of the country. The communications between the courts of Lisbon and Madrid are frequent. Gen. Abercrombie is expected at Lisbon with 10,000 men. The situation of Portugal is represented in the letters by the mail, to be deplorable. Provisions are scarce, and the vintage and harvest have entirely failed.

SUMMARY.

Admiral Keith is said to have gone to Minorca to bring away the English troops. Buonaparte approves the late revolution in Switzerland, and requests no Constitution may be established till after the peace, as her territory may be altered. General Abercrombie is at Leghorn, with troops corresponding with the Austrian Gen. Melas. The French have again possession of Romagna. Buonaparte is said to expect to send the fleets out of Brest, when the equinoctial gales prevail. Napper Tandy is again indicted. The report of a change of Ministry at Vienna gains ground. The Cisalpine constitution is finished, but not to be carried into operation till peace. Buonaparte has sent Duroc to Berlin on a mission. Admiral De Winter is the Batavian charge des affaires at Paris. The English are getting fresh troops in readiness for embarkation. One paper reports that 60,000 troops are to go by the way of the Red Sea to drive the warlike French out of Egypt. A line of gun-boats is moored before the Strand, Hamonze and Cowsand Bay.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 27.

The war in Egypt is to be carried on with renewed energy. The troops will exceed 100,000. The Grand Vizier and Grand Pacha, are to be assisted by the English Gen. Kochler. The French are said to be reduced to 8000 regulars. Gen. Menou, who now commands them, was formerly a nobleman; but was one of the earliest promoters of the French Revolution. He is considered a great intriguer.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL, hallowed wedlock, source of earthly bliss,
How many thousands at thy shrine repair?
Where mutual passions form the bridal kiss---
Who finds content below, shall find it there.

MARRIED

On Tuesday, the 14th ult. at Mount Carmel, (in this State,) by the Rev. Dr. Constant, ELIAS VANARSDALE, Esq. of Newark, to Miss PEGGY JOHNSON, daughter of Mr. Robert Johnson, of the former place.

On Thursday evening, the 16th ult. at Hempstead, (Long-Island) by the Rev. Mr. Hobbard, Mr. JOSEPH CORNWELL, of Brooklyn, to Miss JANE ELISON, of Hempstead.

On Thursday evening, the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. DAVID MITCHELL, to Miss BARBARA SWAN, both of this city.

On Friday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. JOHN VAN SICKLEN, to Miss JOHNSON, daughter of Mr. Court Johnson, all of Gravesend.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. CORNWELL WILLIS, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH HICKS, of Great Neck, Long Island.

LOTTERY.

TICKETS in the LANSINGBURGH and WATERFORD NAVIGATION LOTTERY, and in the STATE ROAD LOTTERY, No. III, for sale by John Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-slip.

THEATRE.

Mr FENNELL's BNEFIT.

On Monday Evening will be presented the celebrated Tragedy of

VENICE PRESERV'D,

Or, a Plot Discovered.

To which will be added the Entertainment of

THE WATERMAN.

Tickets for the night, to be had of Mr. Fennell, at Caine and Ten Eyck's Book-Store, and at the office of the Theatre, where places in the boxes may be taken.

On Wednesday Evening, a new Comedy, called

Speed the Plough.

Written by Thomas Morton, Esq and performed in London with the most distinguished applause.

NB. No admittance behind the scenes during the time of Rehearsal or Performance.

WANTED

A Woman, with a young breast of milk, who can bring good recommendations.---For further particulars enquire of the printer. Nov. 1. 27

THREE CENTS REWARD.

Ran away from the subscriber, on Wednesday last, an apprentice boy, named WILLIAM M DOLE, between 19 and 20 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, stout built, and brown hair. Had on when he went away a red jacket and blue pantaloons. Whoever will take up said apprentice and secure him so that his master may have him again, shall be entitled to the above reward, on applying to the subscriber No 69 James-street. ADOLPH CARTER.

Hutchins Improved Almanacs

For the year 1801,

By the thousand, groce, dozen, &c. fold at No. 3 Peck-slip.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

and for sale by John Tiebout, 246 Water-Street, price sixty-two and an half cents,

A COLLECTION OF DIVINE HYMNS,

Or, Spiritual Songs,

For the use of Religious Assemblies and Private Christians.

By JOSHUA SMITH, and others.

Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for sale by J. Harrisson, no 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT of APOLLO.

From the Farmer's Museum.

PETER PERIWINKLE, TO TABITHA TOWZER.

A MOST DELICATE LOVE-SONG.

MY Tabitha Towzer is fair----.
No guinea-pig ever was neater;
Like a hackmatack slender and spare,
And as sweet as a musk-rat, or sweeter!

Her forehead is smooth as a tray,
Nay, sweeter than that on my soul!
And turn'd as a body may say,
Like a delicate, neat wooden bowl.

To what shall I liken her hair,
So pretty, so flowing and fine?
(For similies, sure, must be rare,
When we speak of a nymph so divine.)

Not the head of a Nazarite seer,
That never was shaven or shorn----
Nought equals the locks of my dear,
But----the silk of an ear of green corn.

My dearest has two pretty eyes,
Glass buttons shone never so bright;
Their lustre pellucid outvies,
The bug that oft twinkles by night.

My dear has a beautiful nose
With a sled-runner crook in the middle,
Which one would be led to suppose
Was meant for the head of a fiddle.

The lips of my charmer are sweet,
As a hogshead of maple molasses
The ruby-red tint of her cheek
The gill of a salmon surpasses.

Description must fail in her chin,
At least till our language is richer,
'Tis fairer than dipper of tin,
Or beautiful China cream-pitcher.

So pretty a neck, I'll be bound,
Never join'd head and body together---
Like a crooked-neck'd squash on the ground,
Long whiten'd by winter-like weather.

Should I mention her gait or her air,
You might think I intended to banter;
She moves with more grace you would swear,
Than a founder'd horse forc'd to a canter.

Should I speak of the rest of her charms,
It might by some phrase that's improper,
Give modesty's bosom alarms,
Which I would not do for a copper.

I felt t'other day, very droll,
As by her I chanc'd to be marching,
My heart waxed hot as a coal,
And hopp'd like a pea that is parching!

I'll trudge away, one of these nights,
To see my delectable creature:
I'll tell her, 'tis hard if she slights
Her pining poetical Peter!

But then I'll be surly and mad,
Should she cruelly send me a jogging;
Like a bully, when some spunky lad
Gives the quarrelsome rascal a flogging.

I'll tell her, 'twont answer for me
"To be whining about you, so idle:
"Should you give me the BAG, d'ye see,
"I'll hang my NOWN SELF with a bridle!"

ANECDOTES.

ONCE, said a Quaker, in a dispute concerning the propriety of titles, I had the honor to be in company with an EXCELLENCY and an HIGHNESS.----His EXCELLENCY was the most ignorant and brutal of his species, and his HIGHNESS measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes.

A few days ago, (says a London paper,) a Miss FISH, the daughter of a rich citizen, was married to a Mr. HOOKE, without a guinea. The lady's fortune is 20,000l. which the husband got at sight---the *DRAFT* may well be called miraculous.

MORALIST.

WHAT IS HUMILITY?

IT is a fair and fragrant flower; in its appearance modest---in its situation low and hidden.---It does not flaunt its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odours upon every passing gale. 'Tis unknown to the EARTHLY botanist---it discovers itself only to the SPIRITUAL searcher; neither does he find it among those gay and gaudy tribes of flowers, with which the generality are so easily captivated: but, in some obscure and unfrequented spot, where the human feet are rarely seen. But wherever he finds it, he is sure to behold its bosom opened to the Sun of Righteousness, receiving new sweets, in perpetual succession, from his exhaustless source.

For the Teeth and Gums, Tooth Ache, &c.

THE Anti-scorbutic TINCTURE is superior to any other medicine ever discovered, for effectually curing the scurvy in the gums, cleansing, whitening and preserving the teeth; it will effectually preserve the teeth in a sound state even to old age, and render them white and beautiful, without the least impairing the enamel, fastens such as are loose, keep such as are already decayed from getting worse, render the breath perfectly sweet, and remedy those disorders which are the consequence of scorbutuc gums and bad teeth. Price one dollar each bottle.

And the VOLATILE TINCTURE for the TOOTH ACHE; the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for that tormenting pain. It give immediate and permanent ease in the worst cases, and is perfectly innocent and safe. Price 37 and 1-2 cents.

Invented and prepared by Dr CHURCH, 137 Front-street, (near the Fly-Market) and sold by F. DUBOIS, Intelligence Office, 81 William-street, and R. BACH, 128 Pearl-street, New-York. 26 tf

TUITION FOR YOUNG LADIES.
Academy No. 30 John-Street.

THE subscribers beg leave to inform the public, that a Class for Young Ladies only, will commence on Monday the 27th inst. between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock.

Oct. 25, 1800. 26 4 T J. & J. REID.

GEORGE G. BUFFET,
No. 67 Stone-Street, New-York,

Offers the Ladies, Gentlemen and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash:

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle, do. Violet, do. Bergamot, do. Plain.

BROWN POWDERS.

Marechalle, Dutchese, Bergamot, Orris do. Violet do.

POMATUMS.

Marechalle, Dutchese, Vanille, Elliothrope, Millefleurs, Bergamot, Citron, Lavender, Bear's Grease.

SCENTS.

Musk, Bergamot, Citron, Lavender, Thyme, Rosemary.

SCENTED WATERS.

Cologne, Hungary, Lavender, Honey-water, Millefleurs, Carmy, Bergamot, Arquebusade, for swellings, bruises, contusions, cuts, scars, &c. Orange flower, Rose, Noijau, Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearie, Ess. Antiscorbutic, for the gums, Syrup Pectoral, for cold, cough and consumption, The genuine Balsam of Life, which will expel all pains of the head and stomach, Pectoral Lozanges, Peppermint do.

SHAVING SOAPS.

Best Naples, Shaving Powder, Ess. of Soap, Windsor, Italian Squares.

Superfine Pearl Powder, Superfine Rouge. Lip Salve, Silk puffs, Swandown puffs, Combs of all kinds, Comb brushes, Tooth brushes, Tooth powder, Opiat do. Writing paper, wax, wafers, ink-powder, quills, Blacking balls, Toupee iron, Shaving boxes and brushes A variety of other articles.

Also HAIR POWDER by the barrel, box, or doz. very low for cash. 24 tf

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for sale by J. Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

THE subscriber has made a considerable addition to the Library; the latest novels are received, and some of the European magazines to August, 1800. A new catalogue is published, price one shilling. Attention will be paid to every publication of merit.

The Book Store is also opened, where stationary of different kinds may be had, and a general assortment of books especially those used in Schools and the College.

Nov. 1. 27 W. BARLAS.

J. GREENWOOD,

Dentist to the late President *GEORGE WASHINTON,*

Informs the public he continues to perform every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums, to the fixing in from a single tooth to a complete whole set. The approbation which the late President was pleased to bestow on him, he flatters himself is a strong recommendation of his abilities, as a Dentist, by an extract of a letter, dated,

"January 6, 1800.

"SIR,

"I shall always prefer your services to that of any other "in the line of your present profession."

NB. His prices are very moderate, as no person can exceed him in facility and neatness of performance, as above.

Greenwood's very best of Tooth Powder may be had of Messrs. T. Cook, & Co No. 133 William-street, and at no other place, except of J. Greenwood, at his house No. 13 Chatham Row, which is the fourth door from the new Play House, opposite the Park, price 3s. per box, which contains powder sufficient to last one year to preserve the teeth and gums. Oct. 25. 26 2m

DAY AND EVENING TUITION.

NATHANIEL MEAD, informs his friends and the public, he has opened an EVENING SCHOOL, beginning at candle-light, at No. 10 Broad-street.

A DAY SCHOOL is also open at the above place; youth of both sexes admitted, and punctual attention paid to their education.

Celestial and Terrestrial Globes and Maps are provided, to facilitate the progress of Students in Geography, Navigation, &c. NB For further particulars apply as above.

New-York, October 1, 1800. 23---tf

A New Publication.

Ambitious to receive and retain the patronage of a liberal and discerning Public, the subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that shortly will be published,

A BOOK OF THE
UNITED STATES COUNTRY DANCES,
WITH FIGURES.
Composed in America, by
Mr. P.L. DUPORT, *Professor of Dancing.*

NB. Mr DUPORT, presents his respects to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city; informs them that on the 1st of November next, he will open his Dancing School at Lovett's Hotel, No. 69 Broadway. For further particulars, or any commands, address to Mr DUPORT, at the above place. Sept. 24. 1 1stN

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip (commonly called the NEW FERRY)---And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10. 02 tf

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The True and Genuine
Dr. ANDERSON's
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MOROCCO POCKET BOOKS,
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